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THE REST ATTAINED.







210. m. 690.



THE REST ATTAINED.

In Memoriam

JOHN ROBERTSON, M.D.,
KELSO.

BY

MRS ABNEY WALKER.



EDINBURGH: MACLAREN & MACNIVEN
1877.

210 . m . 690 .



“ Deathless principle, arise !
Soar, thou native of the skies !
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To His glorious likeness wrought,
Go, to shine before His throne,
Deck His mediatorial crown ;
Go, His triumph to adorn ;
Made for God, to God return.

“ Lo, He beckons from on high !
Fearless to His presence fly ;
Thine the merit of His blood,
Thine the righteousness of God !
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend ;
Wait, to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

“ Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on Him,
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its war ;
Safe as the expanded wave,
Gentle as the summer's eve ;
Not one object of His care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there !

“ See the haven full in view,
Love divine shall bear thee through ;
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail !
Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade !
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore !”



P R E F A C E.

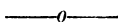
THIS brief record of a beloved brother's life the compiler has felt it to be her duty to perpetuate, however inadequate her own pen is able to portray all the worth and skill evinced by that bright spirit which has passed away. A year has now closed over his tomb, but we do not mourn as those "who have no hope." We trust that although "dead he may yet speak" to many, and that his bright, and useful, and active life may be blessed, so that God's name may be glorified. She trusts also that this little memorial may be appreciated by all who loved him.

I. WALKER.

BEECH LODGE, WIMBLEDON COMMON,
6th November 1876.



“THE REST ATTAINED.”



DR JOHN ROBERTSON was born in Edinburgh on the 13th of June 1821. His excellent father, John Robertson, Esq., of that city, died when he was at the early age of seven years, and his education therefore devolved upon his widowed mother. He attended a public school until he was fifteen. He was of a gentle disposition, possessing great sweetness of temper, and his unselfish nature endeared him to all. As a little boy he did not show much precocity as to learning, and was rather slow in committing his tasks to memory, but later on, by close application and diligent study he overcame this defect of his early years. He seemed to have decided talent for drawing, and the highest prize in his class was awarded to him. Architecture was at that time suggested for his

future calling in life, but one of his masters at school remarked "that one of the professions was more suited to his powers of mind." His mother hearing this opinion, immediately resolved to give her son the choice of studying Theology or Medicine. He chose the latter.

His mind was soon made up to his future career, and for some time he devoted himself to the study of Chemistry. At seventeen years of age he commenced in earnest those studies in Surgery and Medicine, attending the usual courses of lectures which were to qualify him for the profession he had chosen. After studying the usual time, he passed the College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, in April 1842; and three months later, he obtained the degree of M.D., at the University of St Andrews, Fife, having been one of three young men, who had passed their examinations with the highest honour. Although so young, being only twenty-one years, he was immediately engaged as the assistant of the late Dr John Coldstream, then practising at Leith, an eminent physician, who afterwards re-

moved to Edinburgh. Dr Coldstream was a true Christian man, and took great interest in the Medical Missionary society, giving his time and talents to the cause of God. His influence was very great over his young assistant, and he was a true friend to him during his life, and it was he who recommended Dr Robertson to the practice at Kelso, vacant by the death of Dr Douglas. Dr Robertson was assistant to Dr Coldstream for three years. At Leith he had much experience as a physician, and his work was highly appreciated, both by Dr Coldstream and his patients. Desiring a new field of labour Dr Robertson then took the charge of Dr Finlay's practice at Newhaven, during the time Dr Finlay was confined by illness. Dr Finlay remarked afterwards, how much he had been satisfied by his work, and that instead of his practice decreasing during his absence, it had considerably increased. The year following, April 1845, Dr Finlay having commenced his own duties again, Dr Robertson went to Easdale, Argyleshire, being appointed medical man to Lord Breadalbane, to attend his quarrymen; but he re-

mained only a year, having obtained a more independent appointment at Innerleithen. He went to that place and resided there for nearly thirteen years, and discharged with great ability the duties of his profession, to the satisfaction of all his patients. The Rev. Patrick Booth, at that time the parish minister, was most attached to him, and placed much confidence in his medical skill. A few months after Dr Robertson's removal to Innerleithen, he married Miss Stevenson, daughter of the late — Stevenson, Esq., near Alloa. The marriage was a most happy one,—in this relation of life he was devoted. After remaining so long at Innerleithen, he then removed, at the end of May 1859, to a larger sphere of usefulness at Kelso, succeeding Dr Douglas who had lately died. A week after going to that town, a testimonial was inserted in the Roxburgh and Selkirk newspaper, unsolicited by himself, by the late Earl of Traquair and others of his patients at Innerleithen, bearing evidence to his talents and worth of character. This at once gave him popularity in the Kelso district and country

around, giving at the same time full confidence to the people to employ him as their physician.

COPY OF THE TESTIMONIAL TO JOHN ROBERTSON,
ESQ., M.D., KELSO.

Innerleithen, 1st April 1859.

“WE, the undersigned inhabitants of Innerleithen and neighbourhood, feel it to be our duty thus publicly to express our very high estimate of the services which you have rendered to us and our families, in your professional capacity here during a period of nearly thirteen years. We much regret your departure from amongst us, and that, not only because we admired the prudence, promptitude, and skill which you displayed in the practice of your profession, but also that by your removal many of us have been deprived of the society of one we much valued as a friend. While regretting your departure, we heartily wish you all possible prosperity in the new and larger sphere to which you have removed, and think it due to you, to bear this unsolicited testimony

to your private worth, and professional qualifications.—

TRAQUAIR.

CHARLES TENANT, of the Glen.

J. CAMPBELL, Minister of Traquair.

JARDINE WALLACE, Assistant and Successor,
Traquair.

M. ECKFORD, Traquair Mill.

ROBERT GARDNER, Traquair Knowe.

THOMAS BURN, Newhall.

WILLIAM FOX, Orchard Mains.

ROBERT GILL, Manufacturer, Innerleithen.

JOHN MONTGOMERY, Min. of F. C., Do.

JAMES KYLE, Innerleithen.

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY, Do.

THOMAS BROWN, Do.

D. BALLANTYNE, Tweeddale Mill.

WILLIAM GIBSON, West Bold.

ROBERT THORNBURN, Juniper Bank.

WILLIAM GRAHAM, LL.D., St Ronan's Lodge.

W. BURSBY, Tweed Bank.

GEORGE W. MUIR, Caberston.

J. D. BATHGATE, Innerleithen.

GEORGE G. BURSBY, Kirkhouse.

JEAN PATE, Innerleithen.

MICHAEL MILLER, Do.

ROBERT PROCTOR, Do.

WILLIAM VALLANCE, Innerleithen.

A. WEDDELL MACKIE, Do.

GEORGE RICHARDSON, Do.

JAMES TOD, Glenormiston.

JOHN TODD, Nether Pirn."

From the above record, it would seem that Dr Robertson must have laboured at Kelso without intermission, for the space of more than sixteen years, when his untimely death took place. A year previous to his death, he had rather a severe attack of bronchitis and was confined to bed for a week, brought on when he was sojourning in the Highlands at Ben Nevis. He remarked after his recovery when writing, that he had never been laid up for twenty-eight years. Soon after going to Kelso, he was appointed a deacon, and then an Elder in the Free Church, Dr Horatius Bonar being at that time their minister; and a truly beloved friend Dr Bonar was to him. He regretted much when Dr Bonar removed to Edinburgh; but he was succeeded by an excellent preacher, the Rev. Mr Stuart, and Dr Robertson continued to discharge his duties, and aided the Free Church at Kelso both with his money and services, until the time of his death. His religion was not ostentatious; neither was he a bigot by any means, for many of his friends belonged to other denominations. Having

joined the Free Church of Scotland, he felt it to be his duty to aid that church in any way he could. He was not one who talked about frames or feelings, on the subject of religion ; he was reserved upon it in his own soul, but all his actions bore testimony that he was influenced by its inward power, and that he felt he was not his own, but bought with a price, even with the Saviour's blood. The compiler has innumerable letters written by him to her, and also to his aged mother, whom he loved and cared for with a devotion not to be surpassed ; and who still survives her only son. As many of these letters are of a private nature, and would not interest the general reader, she will only introduce a few which she thinks would be appreciated. She wishes this brief memorial of her beloved brother to partake of a religious character ; and prays that his useful and unselfish life may be imitated, although it was terminated in the midtime of his days. He worked with uncommon diligence, and the work he got through was immense, and he had been most successful in discharging it.

She feels how inadequate her own pen is, to portray all his worth and skill in his profession ; but it lives in the hearts of many who mourn his loss. The poor and needy also were not forgotten by him. To many he gave his services gratuitously, and to the widow in distress he was ever ready to aid her with his money. The compiler has been told since his death of his generous help in desperate cases of poverty. May his example quicken others to diligence, in the call of duty, and to work while it is called to-day. Life is short, eternity is near !

The first letter is to his brother-in-law, sent in answer to an inquiry of an accident which was announced in a newspaper.

“KELSO, 21st June 1868.

“I am the Dr Robertson whose horse bolted, throwing the man out, besides kicking the machine to pieces ; but I am glad to say that I escaped very providentially. Had I been injured in the least, I would have *at once* written. The machine was not my own but a hired one.

“Two days before this accident, when the groom at Haymount was taking the same horse out of the gig, before it got free of the shafts, it bolted, smashing the machine against a wall, besides damaging the harness very considerably. Although the man I got the horse from, gave it a first-class character, free from every vice, &c., &c., yet I learn that the animal ran away with him, kicking a dogcart to pieces. The total damage will be about £20; but that is nothing compared with preservation of life and limb. I have put the horse away to grass, not to go out with it again, as all confidence is at an end. I shall sell it at St Boswells Fair and try to get another. My man got his wrist sprained, besides several abrasions of the face and head. He is now nearly better. I may mention, that the same thing which frightened my horse, did the same to a farmer the succeeding day, and a man he had driving with him jumped out, suffering a compound fracture of tibia and fibula. We shall be glad to see E. next month, I think he mentioned about the beginning. E. was highly delighted with

the last two numbers of 'All the Year Round.' The story is getting intensely interesting and exciting. Remember me kindly to Mr Hunter when you next write. With love to my dear sister and self, in which E. joins,—Yours affectionately,
JOHN ROBERTSON."

To his Sister.

"KELSO, 29th December 1869.

"Your letter just came in time, as E. was just setting out to meet M. Seeing the severe snowstorm, we anticipated her non-arrival. We shall be glad to see her when Kelso really looks beautiful, and when she can go out and see for herself the beauties of the place. Our snowstorm here has been very severe, and has caused me very great additional labour. For instance to-day, I was called ten miles into the country—the Cheviots,—and could only proceed seven miles with the greatest difficulty, the gig being nearly upset on several occasions. The remaining part of the journey, I had to proceed on foot, wading the snow, which sometimes mounted breast-high. It was impossible for me to be

with you on Christmas. I went forty miles that day, in short I worked from morning to night.

“We all join in kindest love, and with all the usual compliments of the season and many happy new years.—Believe me, Your affectionate brother,
JOHN ROBERTSON.”

To his Brother-in-law.

“KELSO, 18th March 1870.

“Your kind letter congratulating us on the liquidation of the Church debt, we read with great pleasure. We sent a *Kelso Chronicle* to my mother, wherein you will see a detailed account. The debt is not only wiped off, but we have a surplus over of £80. The result has astonished ourselves, as well as every other person. There is a Railway meeting on the 31st, and I purpose coming in by the first train. I shall try and take an early dinner with you, leaving by the last train. Further news when we meet. Kind love to all,—Ever affectionately yours.”

To his Sister.

"KELSO, 15th July 1871.

"From your note of to-day, I am truly distressed to learn that you are suffering so much from an aggravation of your symptoms. I shall without fail leave this on Monday by the 10.5 a.m. train, reaching Melville Street about one o'clock or a little after it. From a letter of E.'s received yesterday the old auntie is much worse, and I think cannot live many more days. She cannot now take food, and it is with difficulty she is made to swallow a little brandy and water. She is so thankful that E. is with her, and says that she has just been sent for this purpose. She is still a believer in *dreams* and *warnings*, and says, that she has had *three* warnings. On Sunday morning she heard the bells ringing sweetly for her, and her little ones calling for her; and she also told E. that she heard her Saviour telling her to come and rest. The doctor asked her if she wished to live, and she at once answered, 'Oh no,—

"I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear."

"She is much concerned about you and your family. All this is very touching!

"With kindest love to you and yours, and hoping to find you a little better when I see you.—Believe me, Your affectionate brother,
JOHN ROBERTSON."

To the same.

"KELSO, 19th November 1872.

"You would learn from the letter I wrote Arthur, that I had received your two welcome letters. I gave him all the news so that I have little to write about. Now, that you have fairly taken possession of your new domicile, you will be kept very busy getting everything into apple-pie order. I suppose Arthur will be using the microscope to see that nothing is overlooked. I hope none of the crockery and crystal sustained damage. My mother keeps remarkably well. The Lockharts called and were treated to an excellent lunch. They thought her looking well. She was very kind and in capital spirits.

"Tom Bywater died last night ; I was with him for two hours before he passed away. He had no suffering, indeed slept away. He had no fear of death, on the contrary he was happy and cheerful, and strong in the faith. I have seldom come in contact with a more peaceable, gentle and unselfish boy ! Their sorrow is very great !

"Have you got all your family about you now ?

"Mrs Forsyth still holds out, but is very frail. Kindest love to you and yours.—Believe me,
Your affectionate brother, JOHN ROBERTSON."

To his Mother.

"KELSO, 1st August 1874.

"I returned in safety last night from the West Highlands, leaving E. in Glasgow, staying with the Lockharts. She will be there for a few days, and then she will return to Kelso, spending on the way a day or two with you. I had only half-an-hour in Edinburgh, so that it was impossible to come out your length. We enjoyed our trip very much, and were fortunate in having

good weather. Mrs Lockhart and Mr Kerr were with us. E. and Mrs Lockhart climbed the highest mountain in Great Britain. They started at four in the afternoon, and got back at one in the morning. You may be sure they were very tired. They had a *guide* with them, as it is dangerous to go alone. We sailed past our old quarters, and saw *Easdale* and *Ardincaple*. I had a distinct recollection of the place.

“E. will give you all particulars of the trip.
—With kindest love, Your affectionate son.

JOHN ROBERTSON.”

To his Brother-in-law.

“KELSO, 3rd August, 1874.

“We returned from our West Highland trip on Friday last and spent a week of real enjoyment. I reached Kelso with my brain in a *whirl*, having sailed and seen so much. I left E. with the Lockharts at Glasgow, where she will remain for a few days, and likely to do the same at my mother's on her way home. We

carried out our programme we intended, and E. did Ben Nevis in *grand style*. I had no idea there was so much pluck in her. She was accompanied by Mrs Lockhart, a gentleman, and a guide. After driving to the head of Glencoe in the forenoon she began the ascent of the Monarch at 4 p.m., reached the summit at nine, had a good view of the surrounding country, sunset, &c., and got to her hotel at one in the morning, both of them thoroughly exhausted. In returning darkness came on, and they had to wade through a morass often knee deep in peat water regardless of consequences. Next morning however E. was herself again, and walked several miles up Glen *Nevis*. Of course I, the cautious and prudent individual, surveyed at the *base* of the mountain the feats of the climbers with great complacency and comfort. One day we had a fine sail to Skye as far as Scavaig Bay, and witnessed remarkable mountain scenery; another we went to Iona and Staffa. Tell Isabella that we had a distinct recollection of the Easdale district, and in sailing along the coast saw *Ardincaple*, where she was married. I gazed

at the old spot with genuine interest. We met Dr Bonar and his family on board of the "Iona" and heard him preach on the sabbath. We had excellent weather. I trust the directors of the Great Eastern Railway will be right in regard to the *prospects* of the line being *much better* for the future. The result caused by enormously increased working expenses are certainly discouraging, and I sometimes threaten to sell out my holding. I must exercise however more patience, and have faith! Your calculations are very near the mark. The "Railway News" and the "Lancet" regularly received with thanks. I read with interest the article on the "White Lead Poisoning." On returning I had only half-an-hour, so could not get out to see my mother. E. and I saw her on the 23rd ultimo and she looked remarkably well. With kindest love to you and yours, and hoping you are all well and happy,—Ever affectionately yours,

JOHN ROBERTSON."

To his Mother.

"KELSO, 10th November 1874.

"Yesterday we received the very sad and painful news of the death of Mr Lockhart. He died of sun-stroke after a few hours' illness, on the 21st October, on board of the steamer in the Red Sea, and was consigned to the deep on the following day. Everything was done, humanly speaking, to save his life. He received every attention and great kindness. It is a great blow to the widow. He died the very day we enjoyed ourselves so much with you, and Mrs Lockhart was so happy. E. and I feel the loss exceedingly. We loved him much, and he proved himself a true friend. I know you will be very sorry at this sad event. He was a great favourite of yours, and he respected you very highly. He had felt out of sorts for several days, being oppressed by the excessive heat. He complained at four o'clock p.m., became insensible at ten, and died about twelve at night. —With kindest love, Your affectionate Son,
JOHN."

To the Same.

28th November 1874.

“And so you have had a visit from M. M. She says you were looking so well, which we were so glad to hear. There is a telegram from Mrs Lockhart, from Gibraltar, stating that they had a stormy passage, and that she and her sister felt much stronger. They are all well in Manchester. John declined being groomsman, as he considered himself too old for that post. They are all to be invited to the marriage.* Owing to Lockhart's death, we could not go to the ball at Floors Castle.

“E. is very busy at work for the bazaar which comes off on the 18th December. She joins me in kindest love.—Your affectionate Son,
JOHN.”

* Her grandson's marriage.

To the same, written two days before her son's accident, the sad effects of which caused his death.

“KELSO, 29th July 1875.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Enclosed is a bank order, &c. We have of late had a busy time of it. Mrs Jackson* and her two sons from London were with us for a week, and we were constantly engaged driving them about sight-seeing. They enjoyed themselves very much. It is thirty years since Mrs Jackson visited Scotland. M. M. left us yesterday, on a visit to her Innerleithen friends. I trust you feel much better and able to be out in this fine weather. Isabella is keeping well since she got to London, and the others are in the same state. The Manchester folks are well, but do not intend coming to Scotland this summer. With our united love,
your affectionate Son, JOHN.”

* Wife of his very old friend, Dr Jackson, Nottingham, London.

*His last letter to the compiler, a fortnight
after the accident.*

“KELSO, 14th August 1875.

MY DEAREST SISTER,—Last night was the most comfortable night I have passed since this unfortunate accident, and I do hope that these restless feverish nights are now on the decline. I am going on as well as can be expected, and I may add that no danger need now be apprehended. The limb is in good position, the swelling very much subsided, and I now suffer little pain. My case is one of time and patience, and I trust I shall be strengthened to exercise the latter. I have been and am excellently well nursed.

“It is a source of great comfort and pleasure to have received so many letters of sympathy, and I do assure you that yours and your dear husband’s have added much to my happiness in this affliction. Tell Arthur that I sincerely thank him for his kindness, in being so mindful in sending so many newspapers and other things to read. I am glad to hear of the

welfare of all at Beech Lodge, and that Emily is enjoying her visit. I thought I would give you a few lines as evidence that I am on the way of recovery,—Your affectionate brother,
JOHN ROBERTSON.”

Dr Robertson's illness began with an accident. He was coming out of his gig at twelve o'clock on Saturday evening the 31st of July, at his own door, after visiting a patient. His foot got entangled in the wheel. He called to his man to hold the horse. After getting his foot disentangled, he walked two or three steps, then fell, hurting his elbow a little. On raising him he could not walk. He was carried to his study, his wife then found his leg was broken near the ankle. She immediately bandaged it. The surgeon, Dr M'Kenzie, came next morning, when it was found that two bones were broken. He called it a comminuted fracture, that is, broken into fragments. The leg was set, and everything got on most favourably, although he had many feverish and restless nights. He wrote to me the letter last recorded on Saturday the

14th of August. He had been able to sit up for half-an-hour. I had been terribly distressed; it made me more so, as I was at a distance, and he wished to assure me that he was safe.

He remarked that my husband's letters and my own, amongst others, had added to his happiness. On hearing of the accident I wrote to his wife thus, on 2nd August, "I am so distressed at the news I have got this morning of my dear brother. I trust he will go on all well, but it will be a work of time before he is perfectly himself again. I am unable to write at length. That text keeps ringing in my ear, 'Shall not the judge of all the earth do right.' We have only to bow to His most holy will, and we know that 'all things will work together for good to them that love Him.' Give my dear, dear brother my love and sympathy, and say I hope he will go on all right, and tell him not to distress himself about his profession and work, but to bear this trial, as sent from the hand of a loving God, who will do what is best for him." Again, August 7th, I wrote, "We were all thankful to hear

that the pain in the leg was not so severe as it had been, and that our dear invalid had got some sleep. It will be a work of patience and sore trial, to one so accustomed as he has been to an active and useful life; but I trust he will be brave, and take courage, knowing that his heavenly Father has for a time laid him aside and appointed him to rest. He will be able afterwards to look back, and thank the Lord for all His love and mercy, and to say, 'He hath done all things well.' He will be the more fitted to sympathize with others, when he is again able to resume his professional work. Tell him from me to try and cheer up, and be thankful that he has not lost his life by the accident."

On receiving his letter I wrote on the 16th thus, "Your dear letter was most welcome to me as good news from a far country. I am so thankful that you have had at last a comfortable night, and I sincerely trust that *now* you will not have much pain. You will indeed have need of the grace of patience before your leg is quite strong again, but although it will be a trial to wait so long before

you are perfectly recovered, it is a mercy to think that your leg will be strong as ever. The trial is a great one to you, as no doubt you will lose a number of your patients, and your work is at a stand for some months. However, we will look forward to the bright side, and all will come right if we lean upon God's Almighty arm, and put our trust in Him. I am certain dear E. has been a most clever nurse to you. How collected and calm and energetic she has been ! The heat here is intense, and I daresay you have also felt it, and it no doubt has increased the restlessness you have had at night. I shall now conclude by reminding you of these verses :

‘How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear,
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
‘It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast,
’Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.’

My dear love to you all. My husband was so pleased also to see your handwriting.”

A FEW REMINISCENCES OF MY BROTHER'S
ILLNESS AND DEATH.

Dr Robertson had been progressing most favourably, until after the 25th of August, for a relative who was in the house wrote to his mother as follows:—"21st *August*.—I am glad to say that your dear son goes on favourably. He is feeling the shooting pains in his leg, which my aunt says is caused by the bone uniting. What a very good patient he is; no one could be more so."

"25th *August*.—Your dear son is going on well. He was on a chair last night for half-an-hour, with his leg supported on another chair, he was none the worse, and rested on the whole better last night. His medical friends are all very attentive and kind to him. He has had presents of grapes from kind friends at Innerleithen; and two supplies of grouse from the same quarter. I hope you keep pretty well. The good doctor will write you a line either on Saturday or Monday. With love from the doctor,—Yours affectionately." "*August 28th*.

—I enclose the order from the doctor ; he will write in the beginning of the week. The dear doctor has caught a little cold, so is weakened by it. We hope in a day or so he will be better. The leg is doing well. Mr Armstrong from St Andrews was here to-day ; and I think it did him good seeing an old friend. Write soon, for the doctor likes a letter from you.” From the same writer to myself:—“*31st August.*—This attack, which turned out congestion of the lungs, has left the doctor very feeble. He now feels himself a little better, and the limb is going on well. The ‘Lancet and Railway News’ came to-day. Will you thank Mr Walker, it is kind of him posting the doctor up.” On the morning of the day of my brother’s death I received a postal card written the day previous. “The congestion is wearing off, but he has now muscular pains on the side. He is getting a new medicine to-day. His appetite is a little better.” The same evening Friday, the 3rd of September, at half-past seven, when sitting at dinner, I received a telegram of the sad news, that my precious

brother had suddenly become worse and died at six o'clock. I had felt for two days most anxious, hearing there was congestion of the lungs, and that he was feeble. The news of his death gave me a sad blow. The loss to me is *irreparable*. My darling brother was most dear to me—the companion of my childhood, my confidant of riper years, my earthly solace in all my bereavements. At Easdale I used to walk over the hills with him, and cross in boats to the various little islands where he visited his patients.

My beloved brother, on the day he died had been reading, and seemed so well, except having these muscular pains over the side. In the afternoon he had a quiet sleep and awoke at half-past five and seemed in distress. He was seized with breathlessness. His look of agony was intense, and the only words he spoke to his wife's niece were, "*Air, air, Mary.*" She immediately opened the windows and sent at once for Dr Mackenzie. The son of Dr Mackenzie came first, and when he saw him he said "send for my father." They seemed stunned at the

change ; every remedy was applied for relieving the chest. This lasted twenty minutes. Then his countenance and expression of face became most beautiful. He looked to the corner of the room as if he saw heaven opened and beheld his beloved Saviour, in whom he had trusted. His forehead was like marble, his nose quite chiselled, his pleasant mouth a little open, his eyes and eyebrows were so expressive. This lasted eight or nine minutes ; he then breathed a few times quietly, and entered into the joy of his Lord. It was a sudden call, a happy translation from earth to heaven. He only awoke up from his quiet sleep, to the consciousness that he was dying, and had a few earthly agonies, then entered so peacefully into "the rest that remaineth for the people of God." It was supposed that a few blood vessels in the chest had given way, for a little blood was coughed up.

RECORD AT THE TIME.

Saturday, the 4th of September.—We started from London on our melancholy journey, having

been obliged to wait two hours at Berwick for the Kelso train. We at last arrived at my brother's gate about ten o'clock. We sat a few minutes in the dining-room, and we then entered the dear one's study, where his dear body lies. From the night of the accident a bed had been made for him; and after a few days he had been able to read and amuse himself; he had his medical papers and other newspapers. *The Times* he read daily. The Bible was not forgotten, and many hymns were read to him. The especial hymn which he liked was,—

“Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,
 ’Tis thy Saviour, hear His word,
 Jesus calls and speaks to thee,
 Say, poor sinner, lovedst thou me.”

‘The bereaved wife lifted the lid of the coffin, and we gazed upon the dear one's face, which I have already described. It was a trying moment. “Oh! my darling brother, what a loss to me; to be parted from thee as long as I am a sojourner in this vale of tears. No more to see thy dear face, to hear thy cheery voice, to have my pleasant drives when thou wentest on thy

visits of mercy. I may mention here that the night before he had the fatal accident on Friday the 30th July, he had been out all night at a patient's house seven miles off. He did not now usually take *night work*, but to this case he had previously been engaged. He came home next morning very tired and exhausted. On Saturday evening at ten o'clock he was again called out, to go a few miles, also a previous engagement. His wife did not wish him to go as he had been so fatigued ; but nothing would stop him from the call of duty. He was home again at twelve o'clock, when he took the fatal step from the gig. It was a dark night. His man servant had driven him home. His wife heard a noise, but not hearing him open the gate immediately, she did not think it was him, as he had been out so short a time.

Sunday Morning, 5th September.—From my brother's garden, Floors Castle, the seat of the Duke of Roxburghe, is seen in the distance, close to the beautiful flowing Tweed, my darling brother no longer looking over its flowing tide, where I have often seen him previous to going

in to breakfast at half-past eight, and before reading the morning chapter in the Bible, which was his regular custom ere going out to his daily profession. At night also he did not forget the sacred Bible. A chapter was read punctually at nine, before the evening repast. There was pleasant conversation until ten o'clock, when he usually gave us the hint to retire for the night. He then remained alone, and retired to bed at eleven o'clock.

Monday, 6th.—We went and visited the spot in Kelso Cemetery, where my brother's earthly remains are to be laid to-morrow. The grave was ready. We pulled the covering of wood off, and we gazed down to see its depth. It is in a beautiful spot, a southern aspect, and a large tree shading the grave. A tablet we must have,* but it needs none to have thee, my beloved brother, engraven on my heart. Thy memory shall ever live there, in its *inmost recesses*. Thy works of love and labour to me can never be effaced ; and also to many others,

* His widow has now put up a Tablet, with a design of a memorial cross.

who knew thy work and skill in thy noble profession. Thou hast worked *well* and *long*, but thy Lord hast called thee to rest, even although it be only the mid-time of thy days. Soldier, lay down thy sword, thou hast well fought ; thy nights of toil must now be over—thou *must rest*. Thy days of mourning now are ended. When thou hadst thy fatal wound, when thy activity was in a moment laid prostrate, thou couldst not go again to help the one in sickness, where thou hadst been on that dark night of thy fatal fall. “ Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

September 7th.—This is the funeral day. My beloved brother, I cannot follow thee to thy last resting place ! In three hours thy earthly remains will be laid in thy grave, until the resurrection morn, when thou wilt come forth a glorious body in thy Saviour’s likeness. Thou shalt rise to life immortal to obtain thy crown.

“ That precious dust which now lies,
Shall at the call of Jesus rise
To meet the Saviour in the skies.” .

“ Oh ! death, where is thy sting, oh grave where is thy victory ? The sting of death is sin, the strength of sin is the law ; but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.”

“ For ever with the Lord,
Amen so let it be,
Life from the dead is in that word
"Tis immortality.”

May his death be sanctified to *me* and to *all* who knew his worth, that this affliction may work out for us a far more exceeding, even an eternal weight of glory, not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed.”

The hour of my beloved brother's funeral arrived. The Rev. Mr Stuart came and prayed with the company who were to attend at the grave. I saw the mourning hearse move away with his earthly remains. Part of the company returned, and my dear husband said *all was done* and the grave closed over my beloved brother. What an earthly loss to us ! Many will mourn for him. His beautiful

character, his sweet gentle nature, so unobtrusive and so unselfish. The blank here is great! I miss him everywhere, his quick footstep going backward and forward in the call of duty. The beaming face at the head of the table, so loving to everyone, so innocent in all his ways, so genial and flowing with benevolence. I can never forget thee, my beloved brother! I parted with thee the last time I saw thee in life at Berwick, on the 7th of July, three weeks before the accident, when on my way home to London. I little thought when I was with thee in the Kelso carriage, sitting face to face, that this short journey was to be our last on earth. At Berwick station we walked on the platform together, a little before the Scotch quick train came up. I forgot my flowers which I had carried from Kelso in the waiting room. I was leaving the loved brother who through life had strewed flowers in my path. The train soon came up, I was put into a carriage with a lady and her husband who travelled all the way to King's Cross. I said my last adieu. He had

been so pleased to take a day's quiet enjoyment to go with me to Berwick. He went early in the morning to visit a patient, and had driven on before to make the call, then met me at the station. My brother, I shall for ever miss you on earth's journey, I have clung so much to you through life, now I must travel on without your help and skill. I am forgetting there is a "Friend who sticketh closer than a brother, who in all our afflictions is afflicted."

"One there is above all others,
Oh ! how he loves,
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh ! how he loves.

"Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe the next day grieve us,
But this friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh ! how he loves.

"With his precious blood he bought us,
In the wilderness he sought us,
To his fold he safely brought us ;
Oh ! how he loves."

From the "Kelso Chronicle," Sept. 10, 1875.

"DEATH OF DR ROBERTSON.

"A feeling of deep sorrow was diffused through the community on Friday evening by the announcement that Dr Robertson had died that afternoon at his house in Belmont Place. About fourteen years ago Dr John Robertson removed from Innerleithen to Kelso, where he got into extensive practice as a medical practitioner. Besides a good medical education he had many of the most essential requisites of a successful physician. He was blessed with a robust constitution, which qualified him for the fatigue and anxiety inseparable from a large country practice. He had a kindly sympathy and untiring perseverance, which led him very heartily into the circumstances of those who invoked his medical skill, and to use every human effort for the relief of the distressed. His genial and friendly manner, conjoined with a look of beaming benevolence, made him a welcome visitor into the sick chamber, and speedily

established a bond of confidence between him and the patient. To his patients he speedily became a firm friend as well as trusted medical adviser, and his visits to the family circle were always agreeable. In the social circle his presence was always welcome, and by those who knew him best his companionship was greatly enjoyed. In his own home a cordial and joyous welcome was at all times accorded to his large circle of friends, and without any ostentatious formality he was always frank, and kind, and hospitable. He was an elder in the "Free Church," to which he was sincerely and conscientiously attached, and in the affairs of which he ever took a great interest. Though naturally unobtrusive he interested himself in any scheme that appeared likely to benefit the community, and in the working men's savings and investment and building society he took a practical interest, which led to his appointment as one of the directors. His career has been closed while he seemed only in the mid-time of his days; and the proximate cause of death was a fracture of the leg which had got entangled in the wheel

of his gig when alighting near his own door, on his return home from visiting a patient ; the fracture was doing well, but other ailments were disclosed though we believe no danger was apprehended, and his decease was by the general public altogether unexpected."

*From William Brackenridge, Esq., Liddlebank,
Canobie.*

" INNERLEITHEN, *Sept.* 1875.

" To Mrs Robertson.

" I can hardly tell you how shocked we were to receive the sad intelligence of the death of your dear husband, and the more so as it was so utterly unexpected ; as we had never heard of the accident which befel him some weeks ago. We most sincerely sympathize with you in your bereavement, and pray that strength to bear the blow and submission to the will of that Almighty Father who has been pleased to take back to himself your dearly loved and cherished husband, may be given to you. To me and to many others, I know full well his removal from amongst us will be felt as a loss which can

never be made up by another. To many of us 'We shall never see his like again,' the true, the good, the thorough genial loving doctor. Only an hour before receiving your letter, my wife and I had been speaking of you both, and I was on the point of writing to say that I should be at Kelso, D.V., next Friday, and would hope to see you both. Truly, in the midst of life we are in death, and know not how soon or suddenly we may receive the summons."

*From Charles Macadam, Esq., Brixton Rise,
(written at Folkstone).*

"To his Sister.

"I have received your letter of Friday afternoon, and I know not how to express how much we are grieved and shocked at the sad news of the doctor's death. The loss to your aunt is indeed *irreparable*, to you and all of us the loss of a dear relative and friend is great. You have truly lost a good friend. When you have opportunity express to our aunt, how deeply I sympathize with her in

this truly bitter trial. I need hardly say L. is much pained at this sad event, and desires her sympathy. Poor Mrs Walker will feel her loss deeply all the more after her recent visit, and having left the doctor full of life and spirits. When the unfortunate accident happened, although I thought it serious, I hoped his constitution would carry him through. It is never a light affair for one of his activity, to meet with such an accident, however, as the result has been truly and sadly shewn."

From a widow of a minister of the "Free Church"

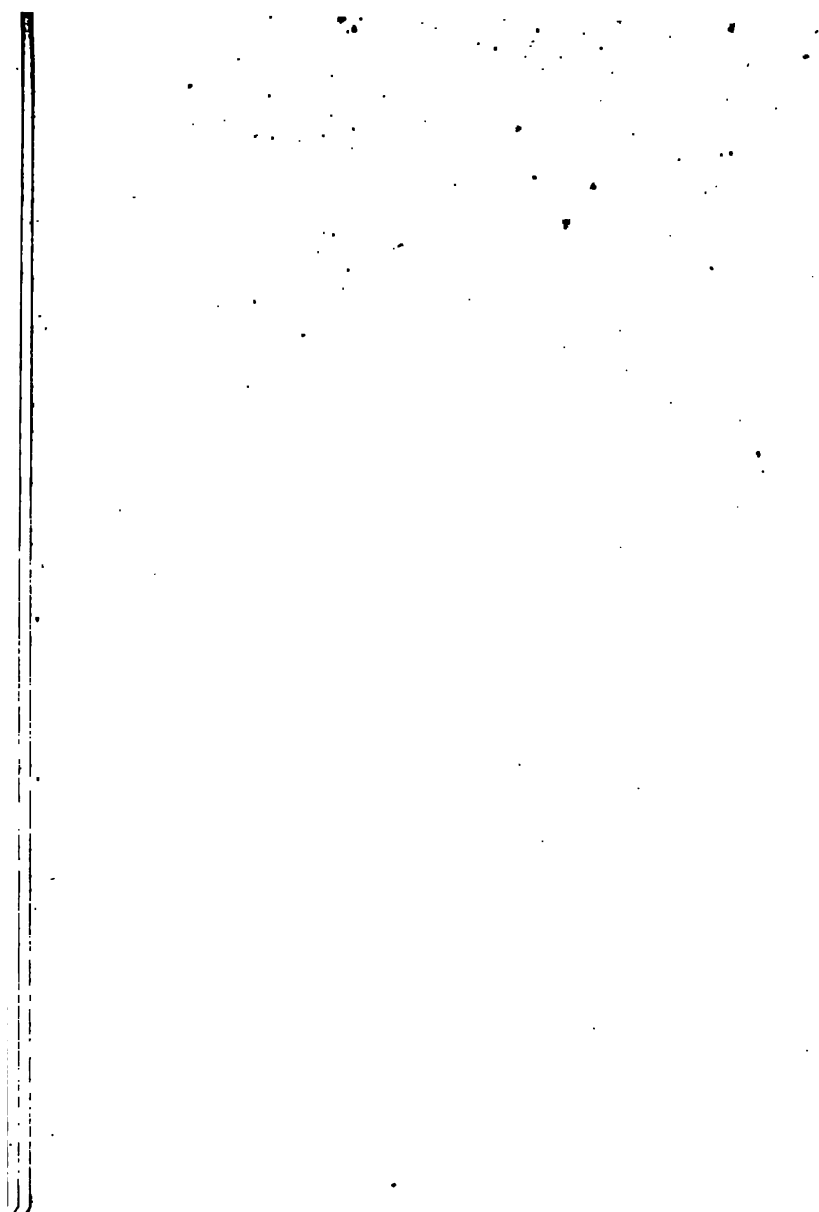
"Sept. 3rd.

"I was much shocked and grieved to hear to-night of the death of your husband. Last time I saw him he was busily occupied doing good in his Master's cause at the opening of the new "Free Church" school round in Bowmont Street. I beg to express my hope and trust that both you and I will meet those we loved on earth in a higher place in Heaven. I have to thank your deceased husband for

many a kindly aid to myself. He comforted and aided and helped myself in much low bodily trial."

"Hark ! the sound of holy voices
Chanting, at the crystal sea,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord, to thee ;
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hand.
They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus ;
Tried they were and firm they stood ;
Marching with the cross their banner
They have triumphed following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee their Saviour, and their King.
Gladly Lord with Thee they suffered,
Gladly Lord, with Thee they died ;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.
Now they reign in heavenly glory
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river
Holy bliss and infinite."

THE END.





86

